The Famous History of

TOM THUMB.

Wherein is declared,

His Marvellous Acts of MANHOOD,

Full of Wonder and Merriment.

PART the FIRST.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-Yard, London.

The First Part of the Life of TOM THUMB.

Of the Parentage, Birth, and Education of Tom Thumb; with all the merry Pranks he play'd in his Childhood.

IN Arthur's court Tom Thumb did live
A man of mickle might;
Who was the best of the table round,
And eke a worthy Knight.

In ſtature but an inch in height,
Or quarter of a ſpan;
How think you that this valiant Knight
Was prov'd a valiant man.

His father was a ploughman plain,
His mother milk'd the cow,
And yet the way to get a ſon
This couple knew not how.

Until the time the good old man
To learned Merlin goes,
And there to him in deep diſtreſs,
In ſecret manner ſhews,

How in his heart he'd wiſh to have
A child in time to come,
To be his heir, though it might be
No bigger than his Thumb.

Of this old Merlin then foretold,
How he his wiſh ſhould have;
And ſo a ſon of ſtature ſmall,
This charmer to him gave.

No blood nor bones in him ſhould be.
His ſhape it being ſuch,
That he ſhould hear him ſpeak, but not
His wandering ſhadow touch.

But ſo unſeen to overcome,
Whereat it pleas'd him well,

Begat and born in half an hour,
For to fit his father's will.

And in four minutes grew ſo faſt,
That he became ſo tall,
As was the plowman's Thumb in length,
And ſo ſhe did him call

Tom Thumb, the which the Fairy Queen
Did give him to his name,
Who with her train of goblins grim
Unto the chriſtening came.

When ſo they cloath'd him fine and gay,
In garments rich and fair,
The which did ſerve him many years
In ſeemly ſort to wear.

His hat made of the oaken leaf,
His ſhirt a ſpiders webb,
Both light and ſoft for his fine limbs,
Which were ſo finally brod

His hoſe and doublet thiſtle down,
Together weav'd full fine,
And ſtockings of the apple green
Made of the cutter rhine.

His garters were two little hairs,
Pluck'd from his mother's eye;
His ſhoes made of a mouſe's ſkin,
And tann'd moſt curiouſly.

Thus like a valiant gallant he
Adventures forth to go
With other children in the ſtreet
His pretty pranks to ſhow.
Where for counters, pins, and points
And cherry ſtones did play,
Till he among the gameſtees young
Had loſt his ſtock away.
Yet he could ſoon the ſame renew,
When as moſt nimbly he
Would dive into the cherry bags,
And there partakers be.
Unſeen, unfelt, by any one,
Until a ſcholar ſhut
The nimble youth into a box
Wherein his pins were put.
Of whom to be revenged he took
In mirth and pleaſant game,
Black pots and glaſſes, which he hung
Upon a light ſun beam.
The other boys did do the ſame,
In pieces tore him quite,
For which they were ſeverely whipt.
At which he laugh'd outright.
And ſo Tom Thumb reſtrained was
From this his ſport and play,

And by his Mother after that,
Compell'd at home to ſtay.

Whereas about Chriſtmts time,
His mother a hog had kill'd,
And Tom would ſee the pudding made,
For fear it ſhould be ſpoil'd.

Of

Of Tom's falling into the Pudding Bowl, and of his Escape out of the Tinker's Budget.

HE for the candle for to light
Upon the pudding bowl,
Of which there is unto this day,
A pretty story told.

For Tom fell in, and could not be
For some time after found,
For in the blood and batter he
Was lost and almost drown'd.

And ſhe not knowing of the ſame,
Directly after that,
Into the pudding ſtir'd her ſon,
Inſtead of mincing fat.

Now this pudding of the largeſt ſize.
Into the kettle thrown,
Made all the reſt to jump about,
As with a whirwind blown.

But ſo it tumbl'd up and down,
Within the liquor there,
As if the devil had been boil'd,
Such was the mother's fear.

That up the took the pudding ſtrait,
And gave it at the door
Unto a Tinker, which from thence
He in his budget bore.

But as the Tinker climb'd a ſtile,
He chanc'd to let a crack,
Now good old man, cry'd Tom Thumb,
Still hanging at his back.

At which the Tinker began to run,
And would no longer ſtay,
But caſt both bag and pudding too
Over the hedge away.

From whence poor Tom got looſe at laſt,
At home return'd again,
And he from great dangers long
In ſafety did remain.

Until ſuch time his mother went
A milking of her kine,
Where Tom unto a thiſtle faſt
She linked with a line.

Of Tom Thumb being tied to a Thiſtle; of his Mother's Cow eating him up; with his ſtrange Deliverance out of the Cow's Belly.

A Thread that held him to the ſame,
For fear the bluſtering wind
Would blow him thence, ſo as he might
Her ſon in ſafety find:

But mark the hap, a cow came by,
And up the thiſtle eat;
Poor Tom withal, who as a dock,
Was made the red cow's meat.

But being miſt, his mother went
Calling him every where:
Where art thou, Tom? where art thou?
Quoth he, here mother, here.

In the cow's belly here,
Your ſon is ſwallowed up;
All which within her fearful heart
Much woeful dolar put.

Mean time the cow was troubled ſore,
In this her rumbling womb,
And could not reſt until that ſhe
Had backwards caſt Tom Thumb.

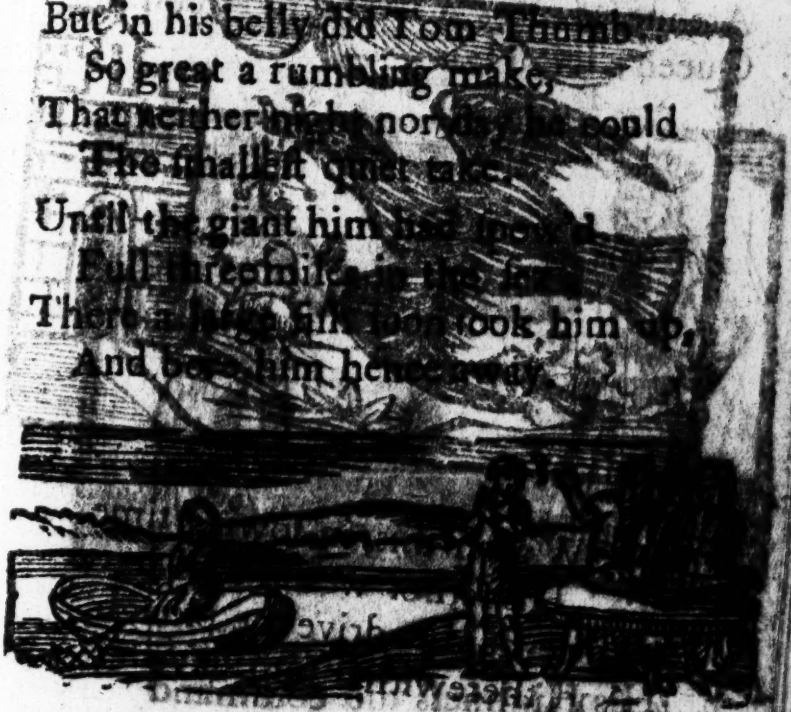
Now all beſmeared as he was,
His mother took him up,
And home to bear him hence poor Lad,
She in her apron put.

Tom Thumb is carried away by a Raven, and ſwallowed up by a Giant; with ſeveral other ſtrange Accidents that befel him.

A whip made of barley ſtraw
For to drive the cattle on
There in furrow'd land new ſown,
Poor Tom was loſt and gone.

Now by a raven of great ſtrength,
Away poor Tom was borne,
And carried in the carrion's beak,
Juſt like a grain of corn.

Unto a Giants caſtle top,
Whereon he let him fall,
And ſoon the Giant ſwallow'd up
His body, cloaths, and all.



But in his belly did Tom Thumb
So great a rumbling make,
That neither night nor day he could
The ſmalleſt quiet take.

Until the giant him had [illegible]
Full threeſcore miles [illegible]
There a large fiſh [illegible] took him up,
And bore him hence away.

The lufty fiſh was after caught,
And to King Arthur ſent,
Where Tom was kept, being a dwarf,
Until his time was ſpent.

Long time he liv'd in jolity,
Beloved of the court,
And none like Tom was ſo eſteem'd
Amongſt the better ſort.

Tom Thumb by the Command of King Arthur, dances a Galliard upon the Queen's left Hand.

AMong the deeds of courtſhip done,
His Highneſs did command
That he ſhould dance a galliard brave
Upon the Queen's left-hand.

All which he did, and for the ſame
Our King his ſignet gave,

Which Tom about his middle wore
Long time a girdle brave.

Beheld it was a rich reward,
And given by the King,
Which to his praiſe and worthineſs
Did laſting honour bring.

For while he lived in the court,
His pleaſant pranks were ſeen,
And he according to report,
Was favour'd by the Queen.

Tom

Tom rides a hunting with the King.

NOW after that the King he would
Abroad for pleasure go,
Yet still Tom Thumb must be with him
Plac'd on his saddle bow.
And on a time when as it rain'd,
Tom Thumb most nimbly crept

Into his button-hole, where he
All in his boſom ſlept.

And being near his Highneſs heart,
Did crave a wealthy boon;
A noble gift the which the King
ommanded ſhould be done,

For to relieve his father's wants,
And mother's, being old;
It was as much of ſilver coin
As well his arms could hold.

And ſo away goes luſty [illegible]
With three-pence [illegible] back,
A heavy burden [illegible]
His very bones [illegible]

So travelling [illegible]
In labour [illegible]
Came into the houſe whereat
His parents did remain.

Which [illegible]
From good [illegible]
All this in eight and forty hours
He went in weary fort,

But coming to his father's door,
He there ſuch enterance had,
As made his parents both rejoice,
And he thereat was glad.

So his mother in her apron put
Her gentle ſon in haſte,
And by the fire-ſide within
A walnut ſhell him plac'd,

And then they feaſted him three days
Upon a hazel nut,
On which he rioted long,
And them to charges put:

And thereupon grew wonderous ſick,
In eating ſo much meat,
That was ſufficient for a month
For this great man to eat.

So when his buſineſs call'd him forth
King Arthur's court to ſee,
From which no longer it is ſaid,
He could a ſtranger be.

But a few moiſt April drops,
That ſettled on the way;
His long and weary journey
Did hinder and to ſtay.

Until his careful father took
A birding trunk in ſport,
And with one blaſt blew this his ſon
Into King Arthur's court.

Of Tom's running at Tilt; with other Exerciſes performed by him.

THUS he at tilt and tournaments
Was entertained ſo,
That all the reſt of Arthur's Knights
Did him much pleaſure ſhow.

And good Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Sir Triſtam and Sir Guy,
Yet none compar'd to brave Tom Thumb
In acts of cavalry,

In honour of which noble day
And for his Lady's ſake,
A challenge in King Arthur's court
Tom Thumb did bravely make.

'Gainſt whom theſe noble Knights run,
Sir Khion and the reſt,
But yet Tom Thumb with all his might
Did bear away the beſt.

At laſt Sir Launcelot du Lake
In manly ſort came in,
And with this ſtout and hardy Knight
A battle did begin.
Which made the courtiers all aghaſt,
For there this valiant man
Thro' Launcelot's ſteed before them all
In nimble manner ran:
Yea horſe and all, with ſpear and ſhield,
As hardly e'er was ſeen;

But only by King Arthur's ſelf,
And his beloved Queen.
Who from her finger took a ring,
Thro' which Tom did make way.

Not touching it in ſimple ſort,
As it had been in play.

He alſo cleft the ſmalleſt hair
From the fair Lady's head,
From hurting her whoſe even hand,
Him laſting honours ſpread.

Such were his deeds and noble acts
In Arthur's court were ſhewn,
The like in all the world beſide
Before was never ſeen.

How

Tom is taken ſick, and dies.

THus at his ſports Tom toil'd himſelf,
That he a ſickneſs took,
Thro' all which manly exerciſe
His ſtrength had him forſook.

Where lying on his bed ſore ſick,
King Arthur's Doctors came,
By cunning ſkill and phyſicks art,
To eaſe and cure the ſame.

He being both ſlender and tall,
The cunning Doctors took
A fine perſpective glaſs, thro' which
They took a careful look,

Into his ſickly body down,
And therein ſaw that death
Stood ready in his waſted guts
To take away his breath.

His arms and legs conſum'd as ſmall
As was a ſpiders web,
Thro' which his dying hours grew,
And all his Limbs were dead.

His face no bigger than an ant's,
Which hardly could be ſeen,

The loſs of this renowned Knight,
Much griev'd the King and Queen.

And ſo with peace and quietneſs
He left the earth below.
And up into the Fairy Land
His fading ghoſt did go.

Where the Fairy Queen receiv'd
With heavy mournful chear,
The body of this valiant Knight,
Whom ſhe eſteem'd ſo dear.

For with her dying nymphs in green,
She took him from his bed,
With muſic ſweet and melody,
As ſoon as life was fled.

For whom King Arthur and his Knights
Full forty days did mourn;
In the remembrance of his name,
That ſtrangely thus was born.

He built a tomb of marble grey,
And year by year did come,
To celebrate the mournful day
And burial of Tom Thumb.

Whoſe fame lives here in England ſtill,
Amongſt the country ſort,
Of whom the wives and children dear,
Tell pleaſant tales of ſport,

But here's a wonder come at laſt,
Which ſome will ſcarce believe,
After two hundred years were paſt,
He did new life receive.

The Fairy Queen ſhe lov'd him ſo,
As you ſhall underſtand,
That once again ſhe let him go
Down to the Fairy Land.

The very time that he return'd
Unto the court again,
It was, as we are well inform'd,
In good King Arthur's reign,

Where in the preſence of the King,
He many wonders wrought,
Recited in the Second Part,
Which now is to be bought

In Bow Church Yard, where is Sold
Diverting Hiſtories many;
And pleaſant tales ase'er was told,
For purchaſe of One Penny.

End of the FIRST PART.

The Famous History of

TOM THUMB.

Wherein is declared,

His Marvellous Acts of MANHOOD,

Full of Wonder and Merriment.

Performed after his First Return from

FAIRY-LAND.

PART the SECOND.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-Yard, London.

The Second Part of the

Life of TOM THUMB

Of Tom's Return from Fairy Land, falls into the firmity; and of the sa[me] Misfortunes that attended him.

WHen good King Arthur he did reign,
With all his Knights about him,
Tom Thumb he then did entertain,
He could not be without him.
Behold he made right pretty sport,
Which pleased passing well;
And therefore in King Arthur's court,
He was allow'd to dwell.
His parents were of small account,
And he was small of growth,
Yet they on Fortune's wings did fly,
She did befriend them both,
For many long and pleasant years
He was belov'd by all.

The royal court, both prince and peers,
But see his funeral,
The longest time will ended be
So was Tom's life at last;
The mourning court did weep to see
His breath was but a blast;
So mounting to the Fairy Queen,
Her love she did expreſs,
By giving him a robe of green,
A ſweet and comely dreſs.
In the Eleſian ſhades he reign'd
Two hundred years and more,
And by the Queen it was ordain'd
That he her ſcepter bore:
As King of all the Fairy Land,
Long had continued ſtill,
But that as you may underſtand,
It was her gracious will,
To ſend him to the lower world,
In triumph once again;
So with a puff or blaſt him hurl'd
Down with a mighty pain;
With mighty force it happened him
Did fall as ſome report
Into a pan of firmity
In good King Arthur's court.
The cook that bore it then along,
Was ſtruck with a ſurpriſe,

For with the fall the firmity
Flew up into his eyes,
The cook was running on full tilt,
When Tom fell from the air;
The pan of firmity was spilt,
O what a sight was there!
The cook was frighted to the heart,
Tom Thumb he sprawling lay,
No one was there to take his part,
Alack-and-a-well-a-day.
His coat of green was then besmear'd
With firmity all o'er:

Likewise another death he fear'd,
His bones were sore all o'er.
He got out of the firmity
As well as he was able,
They dragged him immediately
Before King Arthur's table,
Where he in pomp a dinner sat,
With wine and musick sweet;

For many noble Knights were met
To taſte a royal treat.
With clubs and ſtaves, forks and prongs,
He guarded was unpitied,
To anſwer for the mighty wrongs
Which he had there committed.
Now as they enter'd in the hall,
With Tom that little ſprite,
O how the multitude bawl,
To ſhew their hateful ſpite.
Some ſaid he was a fairy elf,
And therefore did deſerve to die;
But crafty Tom ſecur'd himſelf,
As you'll find by and by.
For juſt as they began to vote,
What death he ſhould endure,
He jumped down a Miller's throat,
And there he lay ſecure.
Not one of all the multitude
Perceiv'd the way he went;
Thus though his death they then purſu'd
Tom did the ſame prevent;
They look'd about, but could not find
Tom Thumb in any place;
Wherefore like men perplex'd in mind,
Each ſuffer'd ſad diſgrace.

Tom torments the Miller while he lays in his Paunch; and of other wonderful Things that happened.

THEN did the multitude depart,
Like dogs that burnt their tails,
Each being vexed to the heart;
O how they gnaw'd their nails,
To think they had their prisoner loft,
In presence of the King,
Never was man so strangely croft,
It was a grievous thing.
The Miller too above the rest,
He scower'd like a ferrit;
Still crying out he was possest
With some familiar spirit.
Tom often pinch'd him by the tripes,
And made the miller roar,
Alas! alas! ten thousand stripes
Could not have vex'd him more.
Ah! woe is me, the Miller cry'd.
Alack-and-a-well-a-day!
Some spiteful imp does in me bide,
Which doth the antick play.
For help he to the Doctor sought,
Being distracted nigh,

Alas; the Miller little thought
Tom Thumb was in his belly.
When he before the Doctor came,
And told him every thing
Which he had ſuffered, Tom by name
Did whiſtle, dance, and ſing.
The Doctor he was thunder ſtruck,
To think what he ſhould be;
I fear ſaid he, ſome evil luck,
Sure Satan ſpeaks in thee.
You lie, quoth Tom, and then he ſung
A ſhort but pleaſant ſong.
Your Latin and your lying tongue
Does many people wrong.
I was a courtier 'tis well known,
Two hundred years ago,
When good King Arthur had the throne
As thouſands then did know,
And am I call'd a Devil now,
Who ne'er did no harm know.
I ſolemnly proteſt and vow
I'll be reveng'd on you.
The Doctor then affrighted was,
Worſe than he was before,
And ſent for twenty learned men
The Miller to reſtore
And being come into the hall,
Strait to their great ſurpriſe,

Tom for a cup of sack did call,
And musick too likewise,
The miller being fast asleep,
And sitting in his chair,
All people strait begun to weep,
When they his voice did hear.
With much ado they rouz'd him then.
So on his feet he stood,
For they were understanding men,
Who came to do him good.
By turns they still examin'd him,
How he his life did spare,
For they was certain that a limb
Of Lucifer was there.
Says one, I am perswaded you
Have often play'd the thief,
In taking more than was your due,
Which causes all your grief.
So then the Miller did confess
What he had said was true,
Yet all my friends, nevertheless
My father did so too;
And eke my grandsire, who in mould
Is sleeping now full low;
For he this very mill did hold
One hundred years ago;
If they did so, why may not I,
One bushel make of two.

Tom Thumb cry'd out immediately,
A hopeful thievish crew,
You muſt leave off they all did cry,
Steal not for time to come;
A voice immediately reply'd,
Why don't you hear Tom Thumb?
So ſaid, they all began to run,
In a diſtracted caſe,
And left the Miller all alone
Who in a little ſpace,
Ran to a mighty river ſide,
To eaſe his body there,
And turn'd Tom Thumb into the tide,
Who ſwam I know not where
But as the antient writers ſay,
Near to the Northern Pole,
Where many a luſtful Salmon lay,
One ſwallowed him up whole.

Being ſwallowed by a Salmon is caught by a Fiſherman; and of the Sport he made in the Fiſh's Belly.

A Fiſherman came out of Rye,
With nets and other geer;
The ſea was rough, the winds was high,
Yet he his courſe did ſteer.

Midſt foaming billows that did roar,
Until he come at laſt,
Where he had fiſh'd not long before.
And there his net he caſt,
And drew it up with great ſucceſs,
At which the fiſher laugh'd,
Having as near as he could gueſs
A dozen at a draught;
Unto his net ſo faſt they throng,
As much did them ſurprize,
For ſome of them were large and long
Some of a ſmaller ſize.
At length as the truth may tell,
He with that ſalmon met,
Which had gotten poor Tom Thumb,
And almoſt broke his net;
Says he, I never in my life,
Had ſuch a one before;
I'll home to honeſt Joan my wife,
And let her know my ſtore.
So having ſtow'd them in his boat,
He home began to ſteer,
And ſung a ſweet and pleaſant note
For this his happy cheer.
So near the pleaſant town of Rye,
His freighted boat was blow'd,
His Joan ſhe came immediately,
And laugh'd to ſee the load.

His fish up to the market place,
They brought in state and pride;
But O the salmon was the best
Of all the fish beside.
The people flocked far and near,
To buy some fish of him;
Because he had, as did appear
As good as e'er did swim.

Amongst the rest a steward came
Who would the Salmon buy,
And other fish that he did name,
But he would not comply.
The steward said, Art thou so proud,
If so, I'll not buy any;
So then bespoke Tom Thumb aloud,
Sir, give the other penny.
At this they all began to stare,
To hear this sudden joke,
Nay some were frighted to the heart,
And thought the dead fish spoke.

It was a ſtrange and ſudden touch,
So the fiſherman and they
Who heard him ſpeak wondered much,
And had no more to ſay,
As they were ſtanding in a maze
At what they then had heard,
Tom again his voice did raiſe,
And ſpoke with good regard;
Saying, the like in all the land
Before was never ſeen,
Preſent this ſalmon out of hand
Unto the King and Queen.
So the ſteward made no more adieu,
But bid a penny more;
Becaoſe he ſaid, he never knew
A fiſh to ſpeak before.
So the ſteward's maſter by report
Was made a noble Lord;
He ſent the Salmon to the court
In hopes of a great reward.
Having a worthy preſent ſent
To make this Lord amends,
The King returns a compliment,
And ſo this chapter ends.
Which fairly leads us to the next,
The compliment was poor,
The noble Lord was ſorely vex'd
To find he had no more.

The King's Cook sticks a Fork in Tom's Breech, and carries him to the King; and of his happy Deliverance.

TWO noble Knights a wager laid,
About I know not what;
Some say they at fencing play'd,
And some assure us not.
Some say it was a game at bowls
One morning in the forest;
Tho' both of them were honest men
The game was won and lost.
The court was full of wages then,
Some laid an hundred pounds,
Dukes, Lords, and worthy Gentlemen,
Much sport and pastime found.
The King it seems among the rest
A noble dinner lost;
The salmon then was to be dress,
Which so much money cost.
The cook was then to dress the same,
And then by chance he saw
The little man, Tom Thumb by name,
Within the salmon's maw.
He stared strait, and said, Alas!
How came this fellow here?

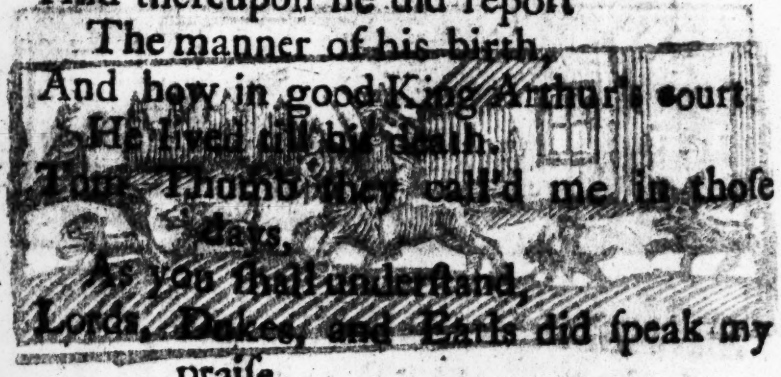
Strange things I find are brought to paſs.
He ſhall not now get clear.
Becauſe he vow'd to go thro' ſtitch,
And him to Juſtice bring,
He ſtuck a fork into his breech,
And bore him to the King,
Who being then at council board,
About ſome ſtate affairs,

He could not very well afford
To lay aſide his cares
For ſuch a ſlender cauſe as this,
Wherefore, as many ſay,
The buſy cook he did diſmiſs
Until another day.
he cook it ſeems did bear in mind,
His old ſuppoſed wrong,
Therefore Tom Thumb muſt be confin'd
Cloſe in a priſon ſtrong.
But ne'er a priſon was ſecure,
When others were aſleep,

This little Tom they might be sure,
He'd thro' the key-hole creep,
Therefore they bound him hand and foot,
So cruel was his fate;
And in a mouse-trap he was put,
To peep between the grate.

Alas! the made lamentable moan,
And oft would sigh and say,
Because that he was all alone,
Alack-and-well-a-day.
He labour'd, but could not get loose,
By all that he could do,
The mouse-trap wires were so close,
Poor Tom could not get thro'.
When he had lain a week or more,
Bathing in melting tears,
Under a guard he came before
The King and all his peers.
Poor Tom was in a piteous trim,
And seem'd to blush for shame.

The Lords and Knight requir'd him,
To tell from whence he came.
Now may it please your Majesty,
Our prisoner reply'd,
I will rehearse my pedigree,
Nothing shall be deny'd.
And thereupon he did report
The manner of his birth,



And how in good King Arthur's court
He liv'd till his death.
Tom Thumb they call'd me in those days,
As you shall understand,
Lords, Dukes, and Earls did speak my praise,
And princes of the land.
They gave him then a smiling look,
And pardon'd him also,
Declaring they had read his book,
Many long years ago.
Tom Thumb the King did entertain,
That he new sport might make,
And therefore knighted him again,
For good King Arthur's sake.
Thus Tom in love and favour grew,
Having all these things told,
The King believing it was true,
Gave him a ring of gold.

Tom rides a Hunting with the King on a Mouſe; a Farmer's Cat takes her in her Mouth and runs to the Top of a Tree with him.

TOM's troubles being at an end,
Now without any more ado,
Our King did for a taylor ſend,
For to cloath him anew.
All enemies were vanquiſh'd quite,
That look'd ſo fierce and grim;
Now he appear'd a worthy Knight,
They were in love with him.
The manner of his worthy dreſs,
In brief I will relate,
And then I think you needs muſt gueſs,
How this little man was great.

His ſhirt was cut out of the wings
  Of a fair butterfly,
His breeches, coat, and other things
  All pleaſing to the eye:
Upons his leg likewiſe he had
  Boots made of chicken leather,
Like any jolly noble lad,
  He wore his hat and feather.
A taylor's needle was his ſword,
  A headpiece was his thimble,
And when he fought upon my word
  He made the Giants tremble.
Now he was accoſted thus,
  His Majeſty reply'd,
Tom will you take a courſe with us?
  We ſhall a hunting ride,
Together with the greateſt part
  Of Nobles of our court.
Yes, yes, quoth Tom, which all my heart
  I ever lov'd ſuch ſports.
The King with many noblemen
  Did gloriouſly appear;
For having put his courtiers then
  To chace the nimble deer,
But poor Tom was at a loſs,
  His limbs they were ſo ſmall,
For he was loath to ride a horſe,
  For fear that he ſhould fall.

A little mouſe they did provide,
And ſet him on the ſame;
O then he did in ſafety ride,
As he purſu'd the game.
The King and his Nobility,
As they did ride with ſpeed,
They could not chuſe but laugh to ſee
Tom's little prancing ſteed.
They rode like Nobles of renown,
Thro' many a park and plain,
And juſt before the ſun ſet down,
Each homewards turn'd again.
But coming near a farmer's houſe,
Cloſe by a foreſt ſide,
A cat jump'd out, and caught the mouſe
Whereon Tom Thumb did ride.
She took him up between her jaws,
And ſcower'd up a tree,
And as ſhe ſcratch'd him with her claws,
He cry'd out, Woe is me!
He laid his hands upon his ſword,
And run her thro' and thro';
And he for fear of falling roar'd,
Puſs likewiſe cry'd out Mew.
It was a ſad and bloody fight
Between the cat and he;
Puſs valu'd not this worthy Knight,
But ſcratch'd him bitterly.

The King and all his noble peers
Were overcome with grief;
They heard his cries and saw his tears,
But could not yield relief,
But at the length she let him drop,
And they by meer good hap,
As he did tumble from the top,
Did catch him in a cap.
His coat was tatter'd like a rag,
And he look'd like a moan;
They put him in a hawking bag,
And so they brought him home.
But Puss had claw'd and scratch'd him so
Making his veins to bleed,
That he could neither stand nor go,
But took his bed with speed,
Where many dying groans he sent
Up to the Fairy Queen,
Alas! his tears of discontent
By her were fairly seen.
She griev'd to see him how he lay,
And sent a glorious train
Of little Fairies to convey
Him to her court again.

The Fairy Queen finding his Troubles, ſends for him to Court, where he now remains

BOth far and near tidings flew
Of Tom's unhappy fate,
And learned Doctors came to view
His preſent dying ſtate.
Not one of them could do him good,
Or keep him ſafe from death,
For by their ſkill they underſtood
He'd die for want of breath.

Within a box of ivory,
They made a downy bed,
The King and Nobles wept to see
His life was almoſt fled.
Young virgins watch'd to keep him warm
For ſix or ſeven nights,
At length appear'd a mighty ſwarm
Of pretty Fairy ſprites;
With mourning garlands on their heads,
His bed they compaſs round,

And folding down the coverlid,
Sir Tom Thumb there they found:
Howw he was bruis'd in every limb,
Which wrought his life's decay;
And having all ſaluted him,
Without the leaſt delay

They put him in a winding sheet
More white than lillies fair,
These Fairies all with musick sweet
Did mount the lofty air.
And soon they vanish'd out of sight,
Up to the Fairy Queen,
And from this time the worthy Knight
Was never after seen.
The virgins posted to the King,
With tears of discontent,
And having told him every thing,
The court in mourning went.
And to his memory they built
A monument of gold,
Upon King Edgar's dagger hilt.
Most glorious to behold.
His worthy deeds recorded are,
That ages yet to come,
May to their children young declare
The deeds of brave Tom Thumb,
And pass away each winter's night,
Close by a good fire side,
With tales of mirth and much delight
At every Christmas tide.
Altho' a second time he fled,
Unto the gloomy shade;
Yet after that his life was fled
He many a frolick play'd.

Amongſt the Nobles of the court,
Though in another age,
Affording them delightful ſport,
And was King Thunſon's page,
As you may read in Part the Third,
Fancy to gratify;
For loving friends upon my word,
Altho' he ſeem'd to die,
Death's fatal arrows prov'd in vain,
As you ſhall underſtand,
For he was hurried back again
Down from the Fairy Land.

End of the SECOND Part.

The Famous History of

TOM THUMB.

Wherein is declared

His Marvellous Acts of MANHOOD,

Full of Wonder and Merriment,

Performed after his Second Return from

FAIRY-LAND.

PART the THIRD.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-Yard, London.

The Third Part of the

Life of TOM THUMB.

In what ſtrange Manner Tom Thumb came back a Third Time, and unfortunately fell into a Cloſe-Stool.

IN woeful Manner Tom thus left
The King and all his court,
Of all their mirth they were bereft,
He yielded them ſuch ſport.
Unto his memory was paid
For all his actions paſt
Another monument was made,
That ſhould for ever laſt.
Now in the Elfan ſhires he reigns
King of the Fairy Land,
Where he the love of all obtains
Ready at his command.
He to the Fairy Queen relates
His mighty acts below.

His wonderful adventures great,
As Edgar's court did shew.
In joyful sort he reign'd above,
As he had done before,
The Fairy Queen to shew her love
He again her sceptre bore:
Until such time it pleas'd her that
She'd send him once again.
And as all histories do agree
It was in Thunston's reign.
She cloathed him all o'er in green,
And without any more delay,
But with her great majestic mein
She hurried him away.

Where he descended thro' the air,
This poor unhappy man,
By sad mishap as you shall hear
Fell in a close-stool pan.

So all beſmear'd in piteous wiſe,
Poor Tom was almoſt drown'd;
For in the filth he could not riſe,
Or ſcarce be ever found.

He then did cry, Ah! woe is me,
My miſery don't decay;
Which caus'd the men to flee away,
'Twas death, they could not ſtay.

Then all the people thronged faſt,
Such miracles to ſee,
There was he almoſt ſpent at laſt,
For none durſt ſet him free.

But he at laſt delivered was,
When thouſands did reſort,
Brought in this piteous woeful caſe
Unto King Thunſton's court.

Tom

Tom is brought before the King, with an Account of his Actions.

IN shameful sort Tom Thumb appear'd
Before his Majesty;

But grown so weak could not be heard,
Which caus'd his malady.

All that beheld him stood amaz'd,
And knew not what to say:
Some did endeavour him to raise,
'Fore life did quite decay.

The Doctor then with speed was call'd,
His vitals to restore;
For in the excrement thus maul'd,
He did their help implore.

That if his Majesty would grant,
He would in humble sort
Declare the cause of all their want
Of knowledge in the court.
At length the King resolved was,
For to grant him his request,
And from his presence he should pass,
For to ease himself and rest.
And that the Doctor should take care
To bring him on demand,
So they Pom Thumb away did bear
For to wait the King's command.
The Doctor thought to let him blood,
But some did him oppose;
Others said It was not good,
And thus a dispute arose.
'Till one, a grave experienc'd man,
Did all they say disanul,
For if his vessels they could scan,
There's not a thimble full.
At last upon a learn'd debate,
It was resolv'd by all,
How they would trust his life to fate,
And wait his rise and fall.
But Fortune proved yet his friend,
As his life shews before;

Altho' ſhe left him in the end,
His miſeries to deplore.
For at the laſt he rais'd his head,
In preſence of them all,
And cry'd, My life is not yet fled,
My ſpirits I recall.
That I may anſwer for the wrong
Which now is done to me;
And clear myſelf e'er it be long
Before his Majeſty.
His ſpeech did cauſe a great ſurprize,
They knew not what to ſay,
For on a ſudden Tom did riſe,
At which they fled away.
But his poor guardian trembling ſtood,
Betwixt great hope feardne,
But Tom cry'd in a merry mood
Unto the King we'll ſteer,
His trial at the laſt drew near,
Great preparations made,
For the King and Nobles ſtood in fear,
Yet ſeemed not diſmay'd.
For by his Majeſty's command
Poor Tom Thumb muſt appear,
For to anſwer ſuch queſtions and
How he himſelf ſhould clear,

When to his presence he was brought
He did amaze the court,
He paid obeysance where he thought
Fit for to yield them sport.

So the King ask'd him whence he came,
The way he liv'd and where;
He also then requires his name,
Who caus'd this pannick fear.

Tom then relates his actions past,
How he had liv'd before,
And the reason of his being cast
Down to the earth once more.

All

All that of them he did emplore,
To search the records past;
How sumptuously he was before
None might his memory blast.

For deeds renowned I was fam'd,
Now in oblivion lost
Sir Tom Thumb I then was nam'd,
Tho' fame my life hath crost.

The which the King no sooner heard,
But from his throne did rise,
And said, Sir Tom Thumb for thy fame,
None can thee equalize.

Thy birth, thy parentage is known,
Traditions do make clear,
All people do your great renown
In joyful memory bear.

So that from thence you need not fear,
My favour you shall have,
To me your memory is dear,
Henceforth you need not crave.

For lodgings. Now the King resolv'd
A palace should be fram'd,
The walls of this most stately place
Were lovely to behold,

For workmanship none can take place,
look'd like beaten gold.

The height thereof was but a ſpan,
And doors but one inch wide.

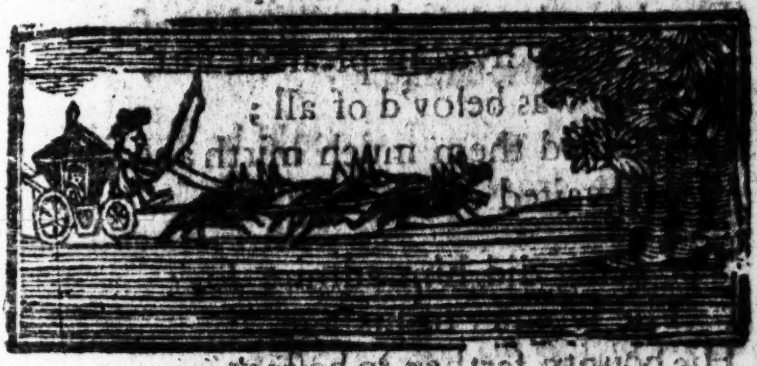
The inward parts were all Japan,
Which was in him great pride;
The workmanſhip ſo fine appears,
Nothing was more compleat.

Thus Tom lives in pleaſant ſort,
Who was belov'd of all;
He yielded them much mirth and ſport,
All waited on his call.

The King did him admire ſo,
The wonder of his age,
His bounty farther to beſtow,
Thumſton made him his page.

Tom

Tom grows in Favour with the King, who buys him a Coach drawn by six Mice.

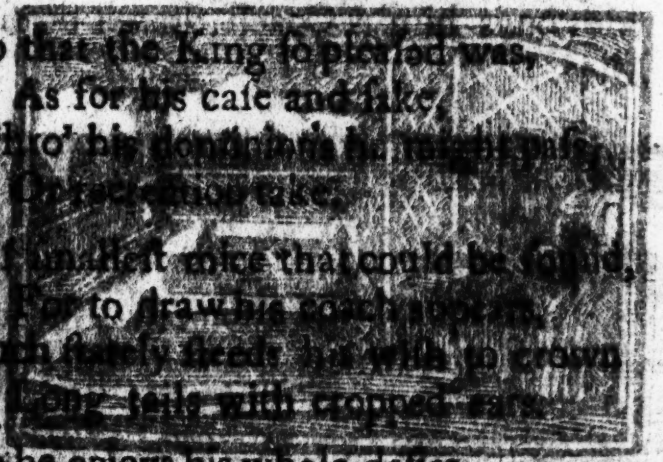


ALL troubles now are vanished,
In peace Tom Thumb did live,
No cares disturb his peace by night,
No miseries survive.

The greatest storms will have an end,
When calm succeeds again,
Fortune her bounty now did lend,
And eas'd him of all pain.

All recreation thought could have
Or life could e'er afford,
All earthly Joys that he would crave,
At his desire or word.

No mirth without him now might please,
All to him did resort
So as he liv'd in splendid ease,
Beloved of the court.

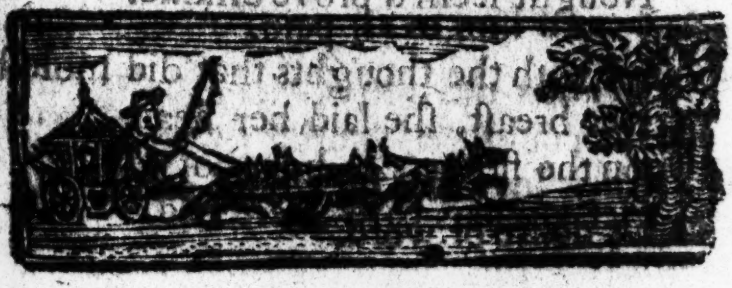


So that the King so pleased was,
As for his ease and sake,
Thro' his dominions he might pass,
Protection take.

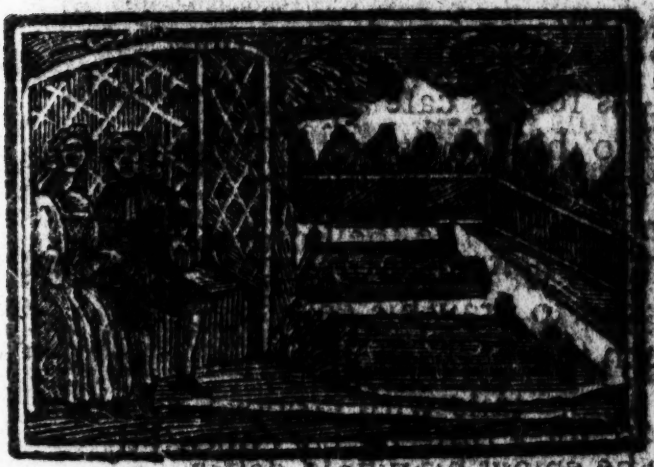
Of smallest mice that could be found,
For to draw his coach a-pace,
Such stately steeds had with no crown,
Save tails with cropped ears.

So he enjoys his whole desire,
Forgets his miseries past,
Ambition makes him still aspire,
Which fatal proves at last.

For his desires were lustful grown
Against her Majesty,
Finding of her one day alone,
Which prov'd his tragedy.



Tom attempts to ravish the Queen.



SOME ſacred ſolitary thought
Had now poſſeſt the Queen;
She for ſome pleaſant arbour ſought,
Both pleaſant and ſerene.

Which having found ſhe laid her down
In hopes to eaſe her mind;
With ſoft repoſe her care to drown,
Nought ſeem'd prove unkind.

Now with the thoughts that did moleſt
Her breaſt, ſhe laid her head
Upon the flowers in hopes of reſt,
Her anxious cares were fled.

For pleasant and delightful dreams
Did all her sorrow drown;
The god of sleep his image frames,
No power on her might frown.

Unknown or seen by any one,
Tom Thumb observ'd the Queen,
And thus perceiving her alone,
There he lay hid unseen;

A snail out of the shell did come,
For to seek food and air,
Which being marked by Tom Thumb,
He takes possession there.

Where for a time he lay conceal'd,
Seen by no mortal eye;
Where at the last he does creep out,
A wonderous prodigy.

Where unto his lavish'd view
The Queen was left alone,
His lustful thoughts now to pursue,
Ne was resolved on.

His resolution then he arms,
Resolved to pursue,
He some short time beheld her charms,
Which did his flame renew.

But now approaching to the place,
Of his desired haven,

Not fearing the leaſt diſgrace,
By eagerneſs was driven;
But all his hopes were vanquiſh'd quite,
The Queen ſurpriz'd awoke
In great confuſion and affright,
At length theſe words ſhe ſpoke,
What villain dars invade my reſt,
Or rob me of repoſe?
Of which Tom Thumb makes but a Jeſt
And laughed as he roſe.
The Queen with rage and fury fir'd,
To ſee herſelf abus'd,
That of the King ſhe then deſir'd
Tom Thumb might be accus'd.
That nothing would her wrath appeaſe
To free her from all ſtrife,
Or ſet her mind at perfect eaſe,
Until ſhe had his life.

Of

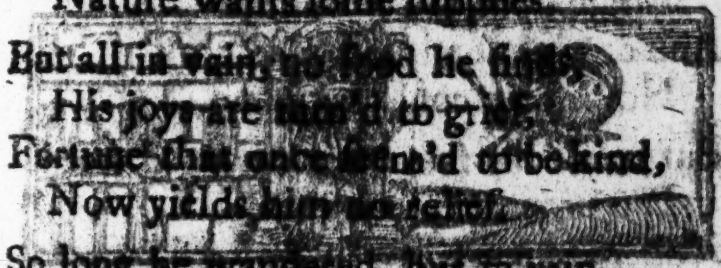
Of Tom's Escape on a Butter Fly, and the Manner in which he was taken Prisoner.

NOW all the court stood in amaze,
To hear the Queen relate,
For some did Tom's fam'd actions praise,
Whilst others urged his fate.

After debates they did agree
How he shou'd there appear;
But their designs Tom did foresee,
Which caus'd his paunick fear.

Perceiving now a mighty throng,
Approaching near the place,
Ready to seize him, but e'erlong,
Retir'd with nimble pace,

Into his ſhell, where ſafe he lay
And unperceiv'd by all,
And many them ſcratch in vain all day,
Such as deſign'd his fall.
But finding all retir'd and gone,
His hunger to ſuffice;
In cautious ſort he moves along,
Nature wants ſome ſupplies.



But all in vain, no food he finds,
His joys are turn'd to grief,
Fortune that once ſeem'd to be kind,
Now yields him no relief.

So long he wandered, but in vain,
No proſpect yet appears,
Which did involve him in more pain,
As captivates his fears.
At laſt with grief he laid him down,
His miſeries to deplore,
For no expedient could be found
Far to gain Nature's ſtore.

At laſt a butterfly he eſpyd,
The which he ſeiz'd in haſte,
Upon his back he got aſtride,
With care himſelf he plac'd.
So with expanded wings ſhe mounts,
For ſhe was plac'd ſecure;

His tender limbs all lay so soft,
No hardships could endure;
As providence ordain'd all things,
To each one his own butore;
Tom's steed from tree to tree still climbs
His miseries were greater.

From post to pillar now he's toss't
Again upon the ground,
And now aloft thus was he cross't
No respite could be found.

But mark his fate Tom's winged steed
Did now direct his course,
As if by chance or fate decreed,
With all its might and force
Unto the court, and hovering round
A banquet was prepar'd,
And in Joy they do abound
No other sound was heard.

But in the middle of the sport
Tom Thumb they did espy,
How he was riding round the court
Upon a butter fly.

The which in vain they strove to serve
'Tis his unhappy lot,
As on him stedfastly they gaze
He fell in a white pot.

When ſearching long, at laſt they found
Tom in a pitcous caſe;
He with the fall was almoſt drown'd,
Such was his ſad diſgrace.

But not regarding of the moan,
Away they did him bring,
Where for his crimes he muſt atone
Before the Queen and King.

Of Tom's being brought before the King with his Behaviour during the Time of his Trial.

AT laſt the mournful day is come,
On which Tom muſt appear,
Before the King to have his doom,
His plaint none more would hear.

For their averſion was ſo great,
None would plead his cauſe,
But rather uſher'd on his fate,
To gain the Queen's applauſe.

Unto all they ſaid this little man
Made no reply at all,
For fear his words they ſhould miſtake,
Which rais'd their ſpleen and gall.

Unto all them the King did ſwear,
By all his pomp and power,
That if himſelf he did not clear,
He ſhould be hang'd that hour.

So he did raiſe his little head,
And ſaid, Ah! woe is me;
My vital ſpirits are juſt fled,
So paſs your laſt decree.

For here no respite can I find,
But one continual strife,
Exert your power, glut your mind,
And take my wretched life.

This valiant answer mov'd the court,
All but the angry Queen,
Her rage and fury did transport,
No one could interveen.

Some pleaded hard that they would give
Him present punishment
Unto some more remoter place,
Should be his punishment.

But still in vain they would not hear,
No pity should be shown;
Since for the fact he must pay dear,
His life must it attone.

So the King his sentence declar'd,
How hanged he should be,
And that a gibbet should be rear'd,
And none should set him free.

After his sentence thus was past,
Unto a prison he was led,
For in a mouse-trap he was fast,
He had no other bed.

His tender limbs not us'd to such
Did bruise in piteous wise.

In his paſt life ſuffered much,
Yet none regards his cries.

His liberty now to regain,
His priſon ſtrives to break,
Where long he labour'd with great pains
His life was now at ſtake.

Nothing but death appears in view,
Which did his thoughts employ,
Yet for no pardon would he ſue,
No life again enjoy.

Tom thus ſecur'd was left alone,
For death he does prepare,
In piteous ſort he makes his moan,
Being driven to deſpair.

At laſt by chance the cat him ſpy'd,
And for a mouſe did take,
She him attacked on each ſide,
And did his priſon break.

Tom

Tom endeavouring to make his Escape, falls into a Spiders Webb, and of his unexpected Death.

THE Cat perceiving her mistake,
Away she fled with speed,
Which made poor Tom to flight betake,
Being thus from prison freed.

Resolving there no more to dwell
But break the King's decree,
Into a spider's webb he fell,
And could not hence get free.

The spider watching for his prey
Tom took to be a fly,
And seized him without delay,
Regarding not his cry.

The blood out of his body drains,
He yielded up his breath;
Thus he was freed from all his pains,
By his unlook'd for death.

Thus you have heard his actions small,
Likewise his actions great,
His life, his progress, and his fall,
Thus usher'd in by fate.

Altho' he's dead, his memory lives,
Recorded ever sure;
His very name some pleasure gives,
And ever will endure.

FINIS.